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St. Johnsbury Academy Column.

The students of the Academy held their monthly sociable on Friday evening, March 16. The presence of a large number of former students gave interest to the occasion. We are always glad to see at these gatherings not only the recent alumni of the school, but also older friends, especially the parents of the scholars.

There is now public declamation on Thursday and Friday mornings in No. 10, immediately following prayers.

The Seniors are writing on a series of topics illustrating ancient and modern art and are much interested. The following is a specimen paper:

THE ORDERS OF GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE.

The origin of Grecian architecture is commonly supposed to have been in the eighth century B. C. It attained a degree of perfection never before equaled and in its peculiar department has not since been surpassed.

To understand some of the remains of architecture in Greece at the present day, we must bear in mind that at the time of its appearance, there existed two contemporaneous races in that country, one (whose origin is unknown) called Pelasgi, was supreme at Athens at the time of the Trojan war, the other was more nearly Aryan in its origin and customs, and largely inhabited Sparta.

Of the former race all that remains are a few architectural ruins. Its language has been long extinct. The most noted of the existing remains of Pelasgic architecture is found at Mycenae. It is known as the tomb or treasure of Atheus and is in the form of a pointed arch. It is quite small in size, and is now almost entirely under ground. As a rule, Pelasgic remains are noted principally for stability, making but little pretensions to beauty.

What is commonly known as Grecian (more properly Hellenic) architecture, appeared first at Corinth, four centuries after the building of the Pelasgic remains just mentioned. As usually classified, Grecian architecture comprises three orders,—the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

The oldest of these orders is the Doric, the style of which is evidently borrowed from the Egyptians. It is distinguished for its simplicity, massiveness, and majestic beauty; the columns have no bases, are large and tapering in form, and are surmounted by a large and plain capital. This order is said to have been more loved and cultivated by the Greeks than any other. The oldest existing Doric Temple is at Corinth, being built 650 B. C. Its columns are very short in proportion to their size, impairing its effect as a work of art. Several other temples might be mentioned, but the most celebrated and best example of the Doric order is the "Parthenon," which has been called "of the kind the most beautiful building in the world." At the time of its construction its magnificence probably exceeded our highest conceptions. It was constructed with white marble throughout, was ornamented with sculpture, and in the proportion of every part, and the finishing of every detail, was as near perfection as human works can be. Its dimensions were 101x227 feet.

The Ionic order is distinguished by more gracefulness and ornamentation than the Doric. The shaft is lighter and rests upon a base. But the principal characteristic is the spirals on its capital, called volutes. It was probably introduced from Asia. Two temples of this order, built about the same time, are historically famous:—Diana at Ephesus, and Juno at Samos. The larger of these was the temple of Diana, being 425x220 feet. It also was built of white marble, some blocks being 30 feet in length. The ancients regarded this as one of the seven wonders of the world. It was burned by Herostratus to immortalize himself, in the year 356 B. C., and was afterwards rebuilt.

The Corinthian order was the last in use among the Greeks. It seems to be a union of the Egyptian and Ionic characteristics. Its style is the most slender and ornamented of the three orders; its capital is handsomely decorated with acanthus leaves. This circumstance gives rise to a legend regarding the origin of the order: that an Athenian sculptor saw a basket covered with a tile, around and over which acanthus leaves were growing, the stalks being crowded down by the tile formed (to the imagination of the artist,) the volutes, and having sketched it, he afterward invented the Corinthian order, with this for a foundation. The oldest and most beautiful example of this order is the monument of Lysicrates at Athens; other buildings are the temple of Jupiter Olympus, the size of which is 171x354 feet, and the tower of the winds.

These are the orders on which nearly all modern architecture has been founded, and like a theme in music, we might say, they surpass all variations both in simplicity, and in true beauty and grace.

Western Correspondence.

CHICAGO, March 16, 1877.

STUDENT-SUICIDES.

Some of our papers have lately been giving a summary of the vast amount of intellectual labor performed by the illustrious philosopher, John Stuart Mill, before reaching fifteen years of age. If they had followed his course to his twenty-first year, and then made a note of what came near being the result of his excessive, almost superhuman efforts and attainments, it might have served as a warning similar to those which the several recent suicides of overworked students suggest, instead of being presented as an example in anywise fit to be followed. A sad list has been made up within a few days, embracing no less than four student suicides, all driven to death under the hard grind of too incessant and earnest application to study. These were Walter P. Thompson, a recent graduate of Phillips Academy, Emil Schwerdtfager, of Cornell University, a son of Professor Colvin, of the Ohio Agricultural College, but sixteen years of age, and Geo. C. Wheeler, of Dundee, Mich., aged twenty-two years, who became insane from hard study, and manufactured one of the most infernal of machines wherewith to destroy his life, that he might have the glory of raising himself from the dead by the application of some life-giving chemical he had invented.

These cases remind me of how near the world came to being bereft of the benefit—whatever that is—of the great life-work of

JOHN STUART MILL.

The amount of intellectual labor he performed in the first twenty years of his life is astonishing to men of ordinary capacities and of less favorable opportunities. The result of it is seen in the dark and sad shadings of his reasoning and thinking relating to nature and life, and came very near being even more disastrous than this in depriving the world of his work altogether. I will let him tell the reader about it in a few brief quotations from his autobiography, published in 1874. He was born May 20th, 1806. He says: "It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as every one is occasionally liable to; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasurable excitement; one of those moods when what is enjoyment at other times becomes insipid or indifferent; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first convictions of sin * * * * * * For some months the clouds seemed to grow thicker and thicker. The lines in Coleridge's 'Dejection'—I was not then acquainted with them—exactly describe my case:

> 'A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,
> A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
> Which finds no natural outlet or relief
> In word, or sigh, or tear.'

* * * I felt, too, that mine was not an interesting or in any way respectable distress."

Three or four pages further on, in the description of his melancholy condition, he says he "had no delight in virtue or the general good, but also just as little in anything else. The fountains of vanity and ambition seemed to have dried up within me as completely as those of benevolence." And detailing further his sombre reflections he continues: "These were the thoughts that mingled with the dry, heavy dejection of the melancholy winter of 1826-7. * * * I frequently asked myself if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself, that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year."

But before half the year had elapsed he found some relief, and gradually recovered so far that life again became tolerable, though a trace of this gloom runs through much of his work, and it hung in dark clouds on his mind while composing his three great essays on religion.

One of the most brilliant students ever graduated from an American college has been in a much sadder condition than this almost ever since the essay of honor was recited twenty-one months ago, and much of the time a precious life has been despaired of by physicians and friends—and from the same cause—over-study. And how many are going or have gone out of the world under like shadows, I have no means of knowing. But the known cases are numerous enough to warn parents and teachers to be on their guard against the hurry and worry so often attending the course of study prescribed in these days. If the brightest and best of our children are driven to death by our high pressure modes of instruction, it is a serious question whether we shall find compensation for so costly a sacrifice in what these methods accomplish for the less delicate minds which are able to endure the hard drive of the drill.

But here is something more cheerful. It is

BRET HARTE'S "THANKFUL BLOSSOM,"

The story of a New Jersey damsel who lived in the time when George Washington's soldiers were quartered in that State by the sea. She fell in love with a Connecticut captain and talked of treason with him, but when he was arrested, he cast suspicions on her father, and this brought her into the presence of the "father of his country," whose wisdom and magnanimity she soon learned to admire, and in turn fell in love with a more faithful captain, and so forth. It is told in the quaint style for which the author is noted,—with the frequent surprises, felicitious turns and bright flashes of genius, wit, or whatever it is, and with less of harrowing suggestion than is usual with him. If you begin it, it will lead you right on to the end. O. P.

Nellie Grant Sartoris has made the Ex-President a happy grandfather again. Mr. and Mrs. Grant expect to start on their European trip in May, accompanied by their youngest son, and be gone two years, traveling privately and so avoiding public demonstrations.

The First and the Last of Her.

They were all enjoying the breeze that swept through the wide parlors that summer evening, it had been so hot of late. The month was May, the place was Philadelphia, and—I am almost afraid to say this—it was the Centennial time. But don't be alarmed, my reader; I am not going to describe the Great Exposition, nor tell anything about it, nor shall I give any information concerning '76 of either this or the last century. I only intend to relate an incident that happened to take place then and there.

The people enjoying the breeze were a family by the name of Fenton, and consisted of a father and mother, two grown-up daughters, one grown-up son, and a little girl.

Mrs. Fenton had just been saying that she supposed they would soon be overrun with visitors coming to spend a few days and see the Centennial.

"Well, let them come;" said Mr. Fenton, heartily, as he turned his paper inside out. "I don't know one that I wouldn't be glad to see."

"Nor I," returned Mrs. Fenton. "I am always so thankful that we needn't be ashamed of any of our relations. There's sister Kate!—who could be more delightful than she is?"

"Oh, Aunt Kate is perfectly splendid!" chorused the young people.

"And there's Uncle Phil and Aunt Emily," said Mabel, the eldest girl.

"And Cousin Joe and his wife," added Florence, the second daughter.

"And John and his family," put in Mr. Fenton.

"Oh! if you go to counting up, you'll never get through," said Tom, the son and heir. "But I say! havent we any objectionable connections at all? Isn't there some old duffer who'll turn up just at the wrong moment?"

"No, I haven't any," said Mr. Fenton.

"No-o-o," said Mrs. Fenton, rubbing her forehead thoughtfully. "Stop! I think I remember one. Of course—*Cousin Jerusha!* I wonder I didn't think before. But I don't *know* that she is objectionable; the fact is, I don't know anything about her. She's lived 'way up in Vermont all her life. She is a niece of grandfather's and is an old maid; at least she ought to be, if she isn't married or dead. Her name is Hevington—Jerusha Hevington. I always thought it such a pity to spoil such a fine name as Hevington with Jerusha. I hope *she* won't come; I'm sure she must be perfectly awful!"

The two young ladies had been looking at their mother in blank silence ever since she had mentioned this unpleasant relation; Tom had gone off in a fit of laughter; so that Mr. Fenton was the only one who spoke:

"Well, if she comes, all we can do is to make the best of it, and treat her as well as we know how."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Fenton.

Tom here looked at his watch, and started up, exclaiming that he should be late, he had an appointment, and bolted off, promising to be home early. Then Mr. Fenton settled down for a nap; Mrs. Fenton buried herself in *Lorna Doone*; and the girls yawned over their Japanese canvass, fearing a dull evening.

The air gently fluttered the lace curtains, the mellow light shone down from the many-globed chandelier upon the fresh white matting, the linen-draped furniture, the pictures and statuettes, the three ladies in their pretty evening dresses, and the old gentleman snoring away behind his newspaper; all was as quiet as quiet could be, when a violent pull at the door bell made them all nearly jump out of their skins.

"Who on earth is that?" asked Mr. Fenton, bouncing up.

Mrs. Fenton dropped her book and gave a scared look into the hall.

"I suppose it's Mr. Vanderpool," said Mabel.

"Oh no, he *never* rings like that," said Florence.

Their old colored waiter had opened the door by this time, and a loud voice was heard inquiring, "Does Mr. Fenton—Mr. Samuel Fenton—live here?"

"Yes, ma'am, he does," old James answered, respectfully.

"Wa'al, then, I guess I'll walk right in—I seen the folks through the winder;" and apparently before the old servant could stop her, the owner of the voice did "walk right into" the parlor—a tall, strong-featured woman, with iron-gray hair, clad in a brilliantly flowered dress that a bulging hoop-skirt showed to advantage, and a shawl of vivid red and yellow plaid. A bonnet of the shape called poke was on her head, and from it dangled a thick green veil. She wore gray cotton gloves, and one hand firmly grasped a lumpy carpet-bag, the other a fat umbrella. She looked comfortable and *common* from top to toe. She peered at the group through her steel-bowed spectacles, and tucking her umbrella under the carpet-bag arm, she extended her hand, "Wa'al now, I s'pose yer don't know me. I'm Jerusha Hevington—yer cousin, Jerusha Hevington."

The stricken family were dumb. Mr. Fenton was the first to recover. He took the proffered hand, shook it warmly, and led the lady to a chair, begging her to be seated; he could not say that she was welcome, but he tried to make her feel as if she were. Mrs. Fenton then came forward, and sitting down beside her, asked some friendly questions about the journey; and the girls, a little conscience-smitten, offered to take her things.

"Wa'al, I guess I won't jest now, thank yer—I've got to go and see about my trunk in a minute; I hed it left in a grocery store jest around the corner. The young man was awful pleasant when I told him that I was one of your folks—he seems to set a heap by you."

"Good gracious!" thought Florence, with a shudder. "I wonder if she has been going all through the city advertising her relationship to us!"

"Wa'al, Samuel," began Miss Jerusha. "Yer've got two fine likely gals; they'd oughter help their mar a sight in doin' house-work and sich. It must take a powerful heap o'work to keep all them fussin's clean"—with an admiring, rather awe-struck glance about the room. Then she went on, "Is them all the children yer've got, Maria?"

Mrs. Fenton answered that she had two more, a son and a little daughter. Mabel offered to send for her little sister, thinking that a child might make converse easier, but Miss Jerusha answered, with such evident alarm and disrelish, "For law's sake, no! I can't bear children," that she drew back, offended. Mrs. Fenton looked annoyed; but Miss Jerusha, unabashed, began to complain of the awful drought up in their place, while an awful silence fell upon the rest.

A quick light ring made the girls start and fervently hope that it was not Mr. Vanderpool—I am sure for the first time in their lives. To have Mr. Vanderpool, of all beings in the world, see this dreadful relative—Mr. Vanderpool, whose father belonged to the oldest of Knickerbocker families, and whose mother was an F. F. V.; who was so fastidious and refined himself! It took only a few seconds for this to rush through their brains, when in Mr. Vanderpool walked. He was greeted in a rather embarrassed manner by them all, and inveigled into a seat as far as possible from Miss Jerusha, on pretense of its being cooler by the window.

But Miss Jerusha didn't mean to be left in the background—she got up from her chair and stalked over to the group.

"Who's this young man?" she blandly inquired, indicating Mr. Vanderpool with her cotton forefinger.

Mabel, with a very red face, introduced "Miss Hevington," mentally grateful that the name wasn't Mulkins or Snooks.

Mr. Vanderpool made an astonished bow, but Miss Jerusha held out her hand, and gave his an unmerciful grip, exclaiming heartily, "I'm real glad to see yer, mister. But see here, sis"—to Mabel—"I ain't ashamed o' bein' your cousin—yer might hev interdooced me as sich."

Then ordering Mr. Vanderpool "to set down on the sofy," she took her place beside him when he had obeyed.

"Wa'al, now, I didn't spect to see sich a fine young feller the fust night I come—a beau o' yourn, I s'pose?" she said to Mabel, in a loud voice. Mabel wished that the earth would open and swallow some *one* of the party.

"Wa'al, yer needn't git so al-fired red; yer ain't got no call to be ashamed o' him; he seems a nice nuff kind o' young man."

Mabel felt the cold shivers running up and down her back, and thought she knew the meaning of purgatory now.

Miss Jerusha, quite blissful, turned to Mr. Vanderpool, and put some searching questions with regard to his "trade." Mr. Vanderpool politely answered that he was studying for the bar.

"Hum! bar-tender; I shouldn't hev thought it!" was Miss Jerusha's comment.

The girls sat shuddering, and wondering what was coming next. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were holding a council of war in the back parlor.

Miss Jerusha was silent for the space of three minutes, gazing upon Mr. Vanderpool with such ardent admiration that he began to feel nervous.

"You're awful like Linus Swinefield!" she exclaimed at length—"the fust beau I ever hed. I knowed him when we went to the deestrict school. They useter call him Piggy then, and none o' the gals could bear the sight o' him, and when he growed up, I was the only one who'd go to prayer-meetin' with him. My stars! but he was powerful, like you. Hed jest the same kinder tow-colored hair, and kinder whity-blue eyes. I was awful fond o' him." She sighed, and edged a little nearer the now thoroughly uncomfortable Mr. Vanderpool; then she sighed again, and edged still nearer. "You're dreadful like him," she said, and buried her face in a big red handkerchief, and, groaning, moved nearer still; another groan, another sigh, made the girls rise in a fright. Was the woman crazy? Still another sigh and groan wedged Mr. Vanderpool against a sharp corner of the sofa. He, somewhat alarmed, tried to get up, when Miss Jerusha, with spasmodic twitches all over her face, threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, convulsively, "My dear, dear boy!"

Mr. Vanderpool indignantly struggled to release himself, but the clinging arms refused to be unhooked. Mabel and Florence stood wringing their hands in despair. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton rushed to the rescue, and in the scuffle that ensued, off came the poke-bonnet and green veil, carrying with them the spectacles and gray hair—and there was Tom's curly brown head confessed.

"Oh, Tom, you *dreadful* boy!" cried the girls, as Tom sank down on the sofa shouting and shaking with laughter.

It took about the space of a lightning flash for them to grasp the situation, and such peals of laughter rang through the rooms that it is a wonder the neighborhood was not roused; but then it was hearty rather than noisy, and that makes a wondrous difference.

Tom, with many chokes and roars, told how he had managed, winding up with:

"Nurse and cook and old Tim acted like regular trumps. How I did fool you all! but by Jove I thought I was gone when Mab wanted to send up for Dot; she'd seen the rigging up in the nursery, you know, and she'd have let it all out. Oh dear, it's the best fun I've had since I left the academy. When I called father 'Samuel,' I thought I would explode on the spot. Oh dear!"

And, would you believe it? the young scamp persisted in wearing his outrageous get-up all the rest of the evening, and when Mr. Vanderpool finally took his leave, insisted upon escorting him to the door, where he bade him an affectionate farewell, assuring him that "he was powerful like Linus Swinefield."

In the learned city of Boston resides a most accomplished and beautiful lady, whose toilettes all bear the stamp of Worth, and who will be somewhat astonished should she chance to read this sketch, for her maiden name was Jerusha Hevington.

Blue Glass.

SOMETHING ABOUT GEN. PLEASONTON'S BLUE GLASS EXPERIMENTS.

[Special Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

Some months ago, a number of the papers in the country criticised, generally with some degree of facetiousness, a book written by Gen. A. J. Pleasonton, of Philadelphia, entitled "Blue and Sun Light; their influence upon Life, Disease, etc." Some of the ideas set forth by Gen. Pleasonton are calculated to startle reading and thoughtful persons, and, failing to comprehend his theories, it is no wonder that the critics poked considerable fun at them. My attention was recently directed to the "blue glass" treatment by an old friend, who recommended its use in a case of sickness in my family. Having confidence in my friend, I wrote to Gen. Pleasonton regarding it, and in reply received a copy of his book, and instructions regarding the application of the blue light in the case I recited to him. Having practical evidence before me of the benefits to be derived from the application of the "blue light," I propose in this letter to give some general idea of Gen. Pleasonton's theories regarding the

BLUE AND SUN LIGHTS.

To premise, then, Gen. Pleasonton, the author of the book in question, was not the famous cavalry leader during the war, as has been quite generally supposed, but his elder brother. The cavalry leader is Gen. Alfred Pleasonton, while the discoverer of the blue light theory is Gen. Augustus J. Pleasonton. He is a graduate of West Point; was in the regular army for some time, from which he resigned; during the war he was a Brigadier-General of Pennsylvania militia, and was selected to organize a body of 10,000 men within the State for use in emergencies. He is a lawyer of prominence in Philadelphia, a gentleman of culture, wealth, and refinement. Owning a farm outside of the city, he, in 1860, commenced to experiment upon his theory regarding the different colors in the sun's rays, and their effects upon vegetable and animal life. Experiments made in Europe had already demonstrated that the blue rays of the sun's light had greater chemical powers than any of the others, developed a greater amount of heat, and were especially stimulating to vegetation. But these experiments had been barren of practical results, and Gen. Pleasonton was left to his own resources to carry out his ideas. He built a large grapery, covered with glass, every eighth row of which was blue. By this arrangement, the sun, in making its rounds,

CAST A BLUE RAY OF LIGHT

Upon every plant and leaf within the grapery. In April, 1861, he set out twenty varieties of grape-vines in his grapery, all of the cuttings being one year old, the size of a pipe stem, and cut close to the ground. The vines soon began to show a most vigorous growth, and in a few weeks the grapery was filled with vines and foliage. By September—or five months after setting—the seedman who had furnished the cuttings made measurements, and found that the vines had grown forty-five feet in length, and were an inch in diameter a foot above the ground. These vines attracted great attention in the neighborhood, but it was predicted that, owing to this unusual growth, they would not bear fruit. Next year, however, the vines displayed the same vigorous growth, and, in addition, bore over 1,200 pounds of luscious grapes of unusual size. This was more astonishing to horticulturists than the growth of the vines, but from that day to this the vines have kept up the same vigorous growth, being entirely free from disease and destructive insects, and bearing with proportionate prolificness. How remarkable this result is will be appreciated when it is known that, in grape-growing countries, the vines do not bear fruit until the fifth or sixth year. Having been so successful in his first experiment with vegetable life, General Pleasonton next tried the effect of

BLUE LIGHT UPON ANIMALS.

His first experiment was with a litter of pigs, which he placed in a pen which was lighted by blue and plain glass, inserted in the roof in equal proportions. This litter gained wonderfully in weight, size and strength, and at the end of a few months, were found to weigh very much more than a similar litter raised in the usual way. He next experimented with an Alderney bull-calf, which was so puny and weak at its birth that the manager of the farm said it could not live. It was put under blue glass, and in twenty-four hours it was able to stand up, and was taught to drink milk; in four months it was a perfectly developed bull, strong and vigorous, and was turned in with the herd of cows, and has since fulfilled every expectation regarding him. Subsequently, other experiments gave him confidence, and now all his cattle are raised under blue glass, showing great vigor and the most surprising precocity. A heifer becomes a mother when 14 months old and the cows and their progeny are healthy and strong, and the former are great milkers. It is generally held that heifers should not bear young before they are four years old, but, under the influence of blue glass, they do so, without injury, when 18 months old, thus saving the expense of keeping them through two and a-half years. The beneficial effect of the associated plain and blue rays of sun's light upon vegetable and animal life having been demonstrated, to the wonder and amazement of all who had observed the experiments, their effect was tried upon

VARIOUS SICK PERSONS.

The most astonishing results have been obtained, which are certified to in such manner as to leave no doubt regarding them. Commodore Goldsborough, who had read something regarding Gen. Pleasonton's discovery, relates the case of a lady who prematurely gave birth to a child, which was weak and puny, weighing but three and a-half pounds at birth. There were blue curtains to the windows of the room in which the child was reared, and these were arranged so that the light, entering the room, came about equally through the blue curtains and the plain glass of the windows. The child began to thrive, developed a tremendous appetite, while the lacteal system of the mother was greatly excited, and her supply of milk greatly increased. The child grew rapidly in health, strength and size, and, at the end of four months, weighed twenty-two pounds. Commodore Goldsborough experimented with two broods of chickens, placing one under blue glass, and the other in an ordinary coop. The former soon showed the stimulating effects of the blue glass, their growth being almost visible from day to day, and their strength, size and vigor far exceeding that of the chickens in the ordinary coop. This is testimony from a gentleman of high standing, who is in the habit of carefully weighing his words. The

WIFE OF A PHILADELPHIA PHYSICIAN.

was suffering from a complication of disorders, and the medical fraternity of New York and Philadelphia could do nothing for her. Her husband, Dr. Beckwith, writes that she was suffering from nervous irritation and exhaustion, which resulted in severe neuralgic and rheumatic pains, depriving her of sleep and appetite for food, producing great debility and a wasting away of the body. The lady and her husband had abandonded hope of her recovery. Gen. Pleasonton recommended the trial of the blue glass and accordingly Dr. Beckwith arranged one sash of a window with alternate panes of blue and common glass. His wife then exposed to the effect of the associated rays of blue and plain light, those portions of her body which were affected by neuralgia. In three minutes she experienced relief, and in ten minutes the pains disappeared. With each application of the associated lights, her pains became less, her appetite and strength returned, and in three weeks she was restored to her normal healthful condition. This lady had been losing her hair in consequence of her sickness, there being several bald places on her head. Under the stimulating effects of the blue glass, the hair began to grow vigorously, and the bald places were soon covered with a luxuriant growth of hair. Dr. Beckwith, in relating this case, says: "From my observations of the blue and sunlight upon my wife, I regard it as the greatest stimulant and most powerful tonic that I know of in medicine. It will be invaluable in typhoid cases, cases of debility, nervous depression and the like."

TWO MAJOR-GENERALS,

old friends of Gen. Pleasonton, were afflicted with rheumatism in their forearms, from their elbow-joints to their finger-ends, so severe at times that they were unable to hold pens. They determined to "try Pleasonton's blue glass," and accordingly obtained a piece of blue glass and set it up loosely in one of their windows. For three days they bared their arms and held them in the associated blue and sun light for thirty minutes. Each day brought them relief, and at the end of three days the rheumatism had disappeared. Two years later they both informed Gen. Pleasonton that they had not had a return of rheumatism in any form. A little child that had, from its birth, scarcely any use of its legs, was taken to play daily in a room where blue glass formed a portion of one of the windows. In a very short time it obtained the use of its legs, and learned to walk and run without difficulty. Numerous other cases are mentioned in Gen. Pleasonton's book, showing that there can be no question of the stimulating and curative effects of the associated blue and sun light. But I prefer to give my own experience, and then follow with Gen. Pleasonton's explanation. A lady of my family about six weeks ago, had a

VIOLENT HEMORRHAGE OF THE LUNGS,

and for ten days raised more or less blood daily. She was very much weakened by the loss of blood, and considerably frightened withal. I obtained some blue glass and placed it in the window where she was in the habit of sitting, the blue glass constituting one half of the lower sash of the window. The lady sat daily in the associated lights, allowing the blue rays especially to fall upon the nerves of the back of the neck for about an hour a day. The second day, the sun's rays being unusually strong, she got "too much blue glass," and at night felt peculiar sensations in the back of the neck, among the nerves, and an unpleasant fullness in the head. These sensations wore off next day, and since then she has not remained so long at a time under the blue glass. But from the first she began to grow stronger, her face soon gained its natural fullness, and in a week she was, to all appearances, as well as ever. Of course, she was not cured of the trouble in her lungs in so short a time, but the soreness in her chest has passed away, and she begins to feel well again. After sitting in the associated light for a week, a large number of red pimples came out on her neck and shoulders, an indication that the treatment was bringing out to the surface the humors of the blood. In a letter to me Gen. Pleasonton says: "I am satisfied that if this treatment shall be continued through the winter and spring, any tuberculous development that may exist in the lungs will be arrested, its pus absorbed into the circulation, and then thrown off from the blood in the excretion (as has occurred already in the spots on the body), the wounds of the tubercles will be cicatrized and the lady restored to a condition of good health." In the same letter Gen. Pleasonton relates an agreeable incident which occurred to him but a few weeks since. A lady and her daughter called to see him, and announced that they had come from Corning, N. Y., to Philadelphia, for the express purpose of thanking him for

SAVING THE DAUGHTER'S LIFE.

Four years ago she was afflicted with a violent attack of spinal meningitis. Her sufferings were indescribable but continuous. Every conceivable remedy had been resorted to during these four years, but the patient received no benefit. Her nervous system at last became so disordered that the slightest sound or the most gentle agitation of the air threw her into the most agonizing suffering. She was wasted away in flesh, could not sleep at night, had no appetite, and her life was despaired of. Hearing of Gen. Pleasonton's discovery in associated lights, her parents determined to try it. A bay window was fitted with alternate panes of blue and plain glass, and the young lady sat daily in the light which streamed through them. Her physicians, of course, laughed at the idea, pronounced the whole thing a humbug, etc., as is the habit of professional gentlemen whenever any new idea is broached. The physician was dismissed, and the young lady relied wholly upon the blue-glass treatment for her restoration to health. The lady says that on entering the room thus lighted the pains from which she was suffering almost immediately ceased. They would return in a modified form on leaving the room, but grew less from day to day. Very soon her condition began to improve, her appetite returned, and with it her strength; she began to gain flesh, her sleeplessness disappeared, and, in short, she was speedily restored to health.

The Mountain Meadow Butchery.

CONFESSION OF JOHN D. LEE.

BRIGHAM YOUNG FULLY IMPLICATED.

NEW YORK, March 22. The following is the substance of a confession made by John D. Lee relative to the Mountain Meadow massacre:

"I was born at Kaskaskia, Illinois, in 1812; was raised as a Catholic; married in 1833; became wealthy; on Rock Creek, in 1836, became acquainted with Mormon preachers. I bought, read and believed the book of Mormon. Sold my property in Illinois and moved to the Far West in Missouri in 1837, where I joined the Mormon Church and became intimately acquainted with Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and other leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; was subsequently initiated into the order of Danites at its first formation. This order was solemnly sworn to obey all orders of the priesthood of the Mormon Church, to do any and all things as commanded.

THE DESTROYING ANGELS

Of the Mormon Church were selected from this organization. "I took an active part as a Mormon soldier in the conflicts between the people of Missouri and the Mormons, which made Jackson county (Mo.) historic ground when the Mormons were expelled from Missouri. I was one of the first to settle at Nauvoo, Illinois, where I took an active part in all that was done for the church or city. I had charge of the construction of many public buildings there. Was a policeman and body guard of Joseph Smith of Nauvoo. After his death I held the same position to Brigham Young, who succeeded Smith as prophet. I was recorder for the quorum of seventy, head clerk of the church and organized the priesthood into the Order of Seventies. I took all the degrees in the endowment house and stood high in the priesthood.

Immediately after Joseph Smith received a revelation concerning polygamy, I was informed of its doctrines by said Joseph Smith and the Apostles. I believed in the doctrine and have been sealed to eighteen women, three of whom were sisters and one was the mother of three of my wives. I was sealed to this old woman for her soul's salvation. I was an honored man in the church, flattered and regarded by Brigham Young and the Apostles until 1868, when I was cut off from the church and selected as a scapegoat to suffer for and bear the sins of my people.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

As a duty to myself and mankind I now confess all that I know and all that I did at the Mountain Meadow massacre, without animosity to any one, shielding none and giving the facts as they existed. Those with me on that occasion were acting under orders from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The horrid deeds then committed were done as a duty which we believed we owed to God and our church. We were all sworn to secresy before and after the massacre. The penalty for giving information was death. As I am to suffer death for what I then did, and have been betrayed, both by those who gave me orders to act, and the most active of my assistants, I now give the true facts as they exist, and tell why the massacre was committed and who were the active participants. The Mountain Meadow massacre was the result of the direct teachings of Brigham Young, and it was done by orders of those high in authority in the Mormon community. The immediate orders for the massacre were issued by Col. Dame, Lieut. Col. Isaac C. Haight and council at Cedar City, Utah. I held no position either in the civil or military departments, or in the church at that time. About September 7, I went to Cedar City, where I met Isaac C. Haight, President or Governor of the State of Zion, and also the Lieutenant Colonel of the Iron Country Mormon Militia. This was Sunday. Haight was the leader there in all things civil, clerical and military. It was a crime punishable by death to disobey his orders. Haight gave me a full account of the emigrants coming. He said the emigrants were a rough set; that they were bad men, robbers and murderers, and had helped to kill Mormon prophets. I believed him. I was ordered to raise Indians to attack the train and run off the cattle, and to have the Indians kill the emigrants. I Sent Carl Shirts, my son-in-law, to raise the Southern Indians. Nephi Johnson went to the other tribes. On Monday morning I left to obey orders. Haight said: "We are acting by orders It is all right. We will let the Indians bear all the blame." I said: "We are forbidden to shed innocent blood." The reply of Haight was, "There is not a drop of innocent blood in the whole lot. Go, Brother Lee, and carry out the instructions of those in authority. If you are dutiful in this your reward shall be great in the kingdom of God, for God will bless those who obey the Council and make all things fit for the people of the Lord in their days."

THE ATTACK ON THE EMIGRANTS.

On my way home I passed many Indians on the war path. I promised to join them the next day. On Tuesday morning the Indians attacked the train at daylight and killed seven and wounded sixteen emigrants. The Indians lost some warriors. The emigrants then fortified and the Indians surrounded them and sent for me. The whole county was aroused, both whites and Indians rushing to Mountain Meadow from all directions. I arrived at the camp late Tuesday afternoon and found the Indians in large force. They demanded that I should lead the attack. I refused until further orders were received from Haight or Dame. On Thursday orders came by Major Higby. There were fifty-eight whites and about five hundred Indians present. Then Higby made a speech and said all the emigrants were to be killed who could talk, that we must get them out of the fortifications by treachery.

A HORRIBLE PLOT.

I was to follow a flag of truce and make a treaty with the besieged and promise protection. I was also to get the arms of the emigrants and the sick and wounded and also the children into wagons. Then the troops under Higby would meet the emigrants. The Indians were to remain in ambush. The women were to go ahead. The Indians were then to kill the women. The militia were to kill the men, and I and the drivers of wagons were to kill the wounded and sick in the wagons. Several other men then made speeches. Then we had a prayer circle, and then more speeches, and it was agreed by all parties that it was the will of God for us to do as ordered. On Friday morning the emigrants had a white flag flying, and the Mormon brethren again assembled. Speeches were made, and all expressed themselves willing to act.

ROLL OF ASSASSINS.

Maj. John M. Higby, Philip K. Smith, bishop of the church at Cedar City, Joel White, William C. Stewart, Benj. Arthur, Alexander Wilden, Charles Hopkins Tate, Ira Ellew, Robert Wiley, Richard Harrison, Samuel Pollock, Daniel McFarlane, John Ure, George Hunter, Joseph Smith, Samuel Jukes, Nephi Johnson, Carl Shirts, Seven Jacobs, John Jacobs, E. Curtis, Thomas Cartwright, William Bateman, Anthony Stratton, A. Loveridge, Joseph Clews, John Durfey, Columbus Freeman and others, making fifty-four or fifty-eight whites and about 400 or 500 Indians.

Major Higby then addressed the party and said, "Brethren, it is the orders of the President that all emigrants must be put out of the way. President Haight has counseled with Col. Dame, and has received orders from him to put all of the emigrants out of the way. All of them must be killed. Especially those that might talk again." He spoke of the character of the emigrants. He said the church authorities of Southern Utah were all there, and that we were acting as a church for the sake of Christ. We were then told we were there to do a duty we owed as good church people. That the orders of those in authority were that all of the emigrants that could talk must die. Higby concluded as follows: "Our orders are from our leaders, who speak with inspired tou-